



SIX GUN HEROES

presents

The logo consists of the text "APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY" in a bold, sans-serif font. Below the text is a stylized "CC" monogram with horizontal lines extending from the sides, and the word "AUTHORITY" in a bold, sans-serif font at the bottom.

No 39

SIX GUN HEROES presents Jingles Wild Bill Hickok

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

10⁴

ALL NEW OFFICIAL TV SHOW



SIX-GUN HEROES



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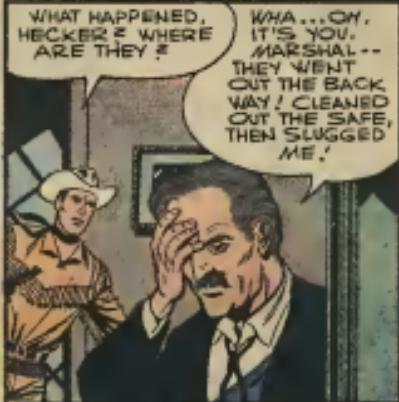
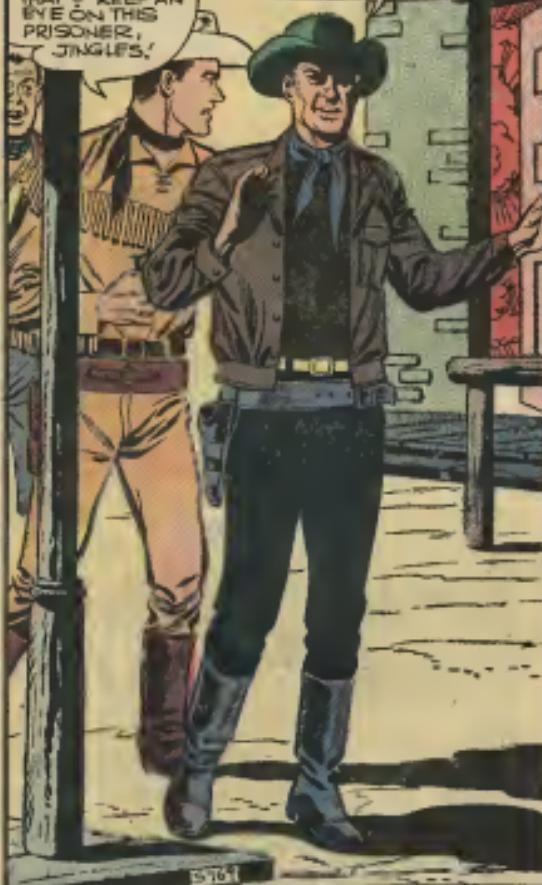
Jingles AND Wild Bill Hickok in 'MARKED MONEY'

DON'T TELL ME
THE OTHER
FELLOWS START-
ED IT - TELL IT
TO THE JUDGE!
WHAT WAS
THAT I KEEP AN
EYE ON THIS
PRISONER,
JINGLES!

JUST THE BANK BEING
ROBBED, MARSHAL! NEVER
MIND THAT -- LEMME GET
TO A CELL SO I CAN
GET SOME SLEEP!

WHAT HAPPENED,
HECKER? WHERE
ARE THEY?

WAH...OH,
IT'S YOU,
MARSHAL--
THEY WENT
OUT THE BACK
WAY! CLEANED
OUT THE SAFE,
THEN SLUGGED
ME!



NO SIGN OF
THEM, MR.
HECKER!
HOW COME
YOU WERE
HERE
THIS LATE?

I WAS WORRIED
ABOUT A MISTAKE
IN THE BOOKS--
COULDN'T SLEEP,
SO I CAME DOWN
TO CHECK THEM
AGAIN! THEY
WERE INSIDE
WHEN I
ARRIVED!



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A HALF HOUR LATER, THE BANK CLERK ARRIVED...

IT WAS DARK, ONE OF THEM HIT ME WITH HIS GUN! WHEN I CAME TO, I HEARD AN EXPLOSION AND SAW THEM RUNNING OUT--CLEANED US OUT, ALL IN SMALL, UNMARKED BILLS!

THAT'S WRONG, MR. HECKER! IT WAS NEW MONEY--I HAVE THE SERIAL NUMBERS IN MY DESK!

THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE--YOU HAVE 'EM, ARE YOU SURE?

I'LL WANT AT LEAST A HUNDRED COPIES OF THAT LIST, MISTER!

IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO TRAIL THE OUTLAWS, AND WILD BILL KNEW WHERE MOST OF THE KNOWN BAD-MEN HAD BEEN THAT NIGHT...

HERE'S A LIST OF THE SERIAL NUMBERS OF THE STOLEN MONEY! GIVE ONE TO EVERY BUSINESSMAN IN TOWN!

SHUCKS, BILL, THEY'RE A LONG WAY OFF BY NOW!

A WEEK AGONE BY AND THE CRIME WAS STILL UNSOLVED! THEN A TWENTY DOLLAR BILL SHOWED UP...

WHICH STORE OR MERCHANT DEPOSITED IT?

I... I DON'T KNOW! AND I CHECKED EVERY BILL I TOOK IN!

I POUND IT, MARSHAL! I'VE BEEN DOUBLE-CHECKING ON MY EMPLOYEES!



THIS MEANS THAT THE ROBBERS ARE STILL IN TOWN, MARSHAL! I DEMAND ACTION! IF THEY'RE HERE, IT'S YOUR JOB TO FIND THEM...

JUST A MINUTE, HECKER! JINGLES AND I ARE DOING...

...EXACTLY NOTHING! GET RESULTS OR THIS TOWN WILL GET A NEW MARSHAL!



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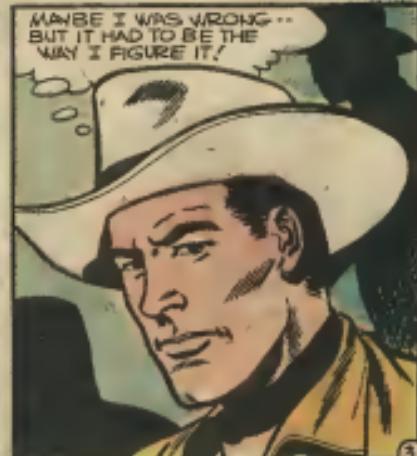
THERE WAS
PLENTY TO
KEEP WILD
BILL AND
JINGLES
BUSY --
FIGHTS.
PETTY
ROBBERY,
GUNBATTLES;
BUT
THE
MARSHAL
KEPT
WORKING
ON
THE
BANK
ROBBERY
WHEN
EVER
HE
COULD...



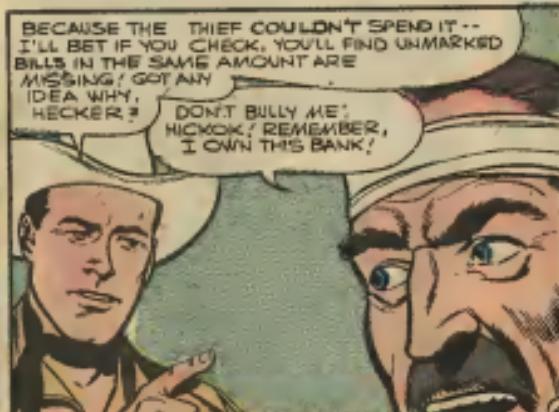
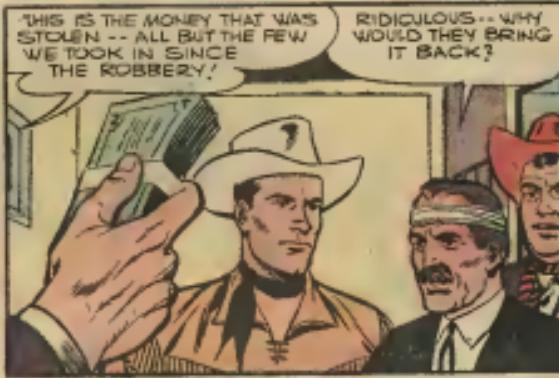
THE MARSHAL
KNEW
HE HAD
TO MAKE
A
MOVE
BEFORE
THE
CRIME
BECAME
ANCIENT
HISTORY!
HE HAD
A HUNCH...
THAT COST
HIM A LOT
OF SLEEP...



HIS
VIGIL
WENT
ON...
TWO
NIGHTS,
THEN
THREE...
THEN A
WEEK!
MEAN-
WHILE,
THE
BILLS
HAD
STOPPED
SHOWING
UP
IN
THE
BANK...



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SIX-GUN HEROES

GO AHEAD, TELLER,
WHAT ELSE DID YOU
LEARN AFTER I
ASKED YOU TO
CHECK THE
BOOKS?

MR. HECKER HAD A
PERSONAL SHORT-
AGE-- JUST ABOUT
THE AMOUNT THAT
WAS STOLEN! NOW
THE BOOKS HAVE
BEEN TAKEN CARE
OF!

Y-YOU
CAN'T
PROVE
ANYTHING!
I'M
LEAVING!

LEMMIE SLOW 'EM
DOWN A BIT,
BILL!

MY STOMACH COMES IN
HANDY SOMETIMES!

OOF!

NICE
GOING,
JINGLES!

HE'S OUT COLD!
I'LL PUT HIM
IN THE
COOLER!

HOW COME HE'S
LOCKED UP? IT'S
HIS BANK,
ISN'T IT?

BANK
PRESIDENT
RALPH
HECKER
WAS IN
JAIL
A
FEW
MOMENTS
LATER.
JINGLES
STILL
DIDN'T
KNOW
WHY...

HIS BANK, BUT THE DEPOSITOR'S
MONEY! HE WAS SHORT AND
HE TOOK IT! SET THE
DYNAMITE OFF HIMSELF.
IN THE BLAST HIS
HEAD WAS IN-
JURED! THIS
LAST TIME I
WAS WAITING
FOR HIM!

END

SIX-GUN HEROES in CACTUS CHARLIE

Wild Bill Hickok and Friends

WAIT A MINUTE,
BREED / ALL
THAT'S NOT
WHAT IT
LOOKS TUH...

SHUT UP / YOU'RE DESERT HAPPY!
I KNOW WHAT I SEE / I'VE
BEEN WAITIN' FOR
YEH TUH HIT IT
RICH / WHERE'S
THE MINE ?

"OLD" CHARLIE WASN'T SO OLD--
BUT YEARS OF PROSPECTING IN
THE DESERT HAD WITHERED AWAY
ADDITIONAL YEARS / USUALLY, HE
CAME BACK TIRED, HUNGRY, AND
BROKE / BUT ON THE LAST TRIP,
HIS BURRO WAS LOADED WITH
SMALL BAGS / GOLD ? EVERY
CROOK IN TOWN ITCHED TO
FIND OUT -- AND WILD BILL
HICKOK KNEW IT ...

DON'T ANSWER THAT,
CHARLIE -- WE HAVE
LAW IN THIS TOWN
NOW !



CACTUS
CHARLIE
HAD BE-
COME A
JOKE IN
GALENA
BEFORE
THAT --
OTHERS
HAD TRAMP-
ED THE
DESERT
AND FOUND
NOTHING !
THEY
LEFT -- BUT
CHARLIE
KEPT
GOING ...

HERE
COMES A
PROSPECTOR !
THERE'S
NO ORE
AROUND
HERE.
IS
THERE ?

CACTUS CHARLIE
CLAIMS THERE IS !
HE'S BEEN TRYING
SINCE THIS TOWN
WAS BUILT ! HE'LL
BE BROKE NOW
TILL HE FINDS A
NEW GRUB-
STAKE !



THAT BURRO
HAS QUITE A
LOAD / ALL
GOLD, I
RECKON !
I'M THE
MARSHAL !

HOTEL

GLAD TUH MEET
YEH ! IT'S SURE A
TREAT TUH GET
BACK TO TOWN !



SIX-GUN HEROES

NOT BROKE THIS TIME? WHAT'S IN THE PACK, CHARLIE?

ENOUGH DUST TO BUY A ROOM AN' A MEAL, JIM-- AND MAYBE HAVE A LITTLE LEFT OVER!

LOOK OUT, CHARLIE! YOU'RE LOSING SOME... THAT'S GOLD!!

SHUCKS, DON'T GET EXCITED! I'LL KEEP THAT ONE! PUT THE REST IN YORE SAFE, HUH?

THE WORD SPREAD FAST-- CACTUS CHARLIE STRUCK IT RICH...

BREED, CACTUS CHARLIE JUST HIT TOWN WITH A LOAD OF GOLD! HE'S AT THE HOTEL!

I FIGGERED HE'D HIT SOME DAY! WELL, ALL CASH IN ON IT!



YIHA, PARDNER, HALF OF THAT IS MINE! REMEMBER, I GRUBSTAKED YUH...

DAMIS! YOU NEVER BOUGHT ME A CAN OF BEANS! KEEP AWAY FROM ME!

YOU GOT A SHORT MEMORY, CHARLIE! BETTER JIGGLE IT A LITTLE OR YUH WON'T ENJOY YOUR HALF OF ALL THAT GOLD!

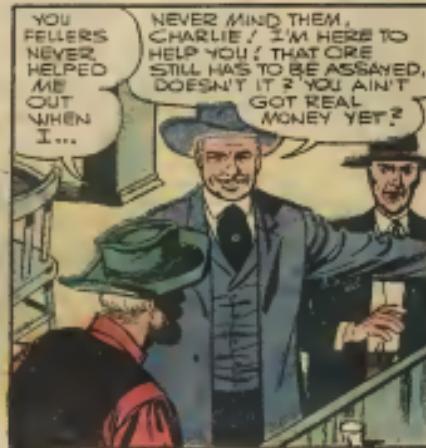
EVERYONE KNOWS I WORKED FOR MY LAST GRUBSTAKE! LISTEN, I DIDN'T GET AS MUCH AS YUH THINK!



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THE SMELL OF RAW GOLD SEEMED TO HANG OVER THE TOWN-- AND CACTUS CHARLIE SEEMED TO HAVE FRIENDS EVERYWHERE...



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THANK'S AGAIN, MARSHAL! I RECKON I'LL GO TO BED! THOSE WOLVES AROUND HERE ARE TOO HUNGRY TO SUIT ME!

SLEEP EASY, OLD TIMER! I'LL BE AROUND!

LATER THAT NIGHT...

THERE'S DAVIS MAKIN' HIS TRY! I EXPECTED HIM EARLIER!



IT WAS FIVE MINUTES BEFORE THE MOST FAMOUS MARSHAL IN THE WEST REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS! THEN HE REPORTED THE LOSS TO CACTUS CHARLIE...



SIX-GUN HEROES

YEP, SOME CROOKS
LIFTED CACTUS
CHARLIE'S GOLD!
LOOKED LIKE A
TINHORN NAMED
DAVIS BUT I
CAN'T PROVE
IT!

MANBE HE'LL
GET AWAY
WITH IT THEN!
JUST SO HE
KEEPS IT
HIDDEN FOR
A WHILE!

THE MARSHAL WASN'T JUST SPREADING GOSSIP,
HE WANTED THE WOLVES TO FIGHT THE WOLVES...



LEGGETT WENT TO A
SMALL HOUSE ON THE
EDGE TO TOWN...



MAKE IT TWELVE!
YOU
KNOW
CHARLIE
ONLY
SHOWED
PURE
GOLD
AROUND
TOWN!



SIX-GUN HEROES



END



SIX-GUN HEROES

GUNNING FOR TROUBLE



By Al Packer

WINDY DALEY was the most worried camp cook in all of North Mesquite. Soon he knew that his seven year old hero worshipper Larry would find him out for the fraud he was. Oh, not that he had done anything really bad. His only wrong had been exaggerating just a mite in order to live up to the exalted opinion the boss' young son had of him. Larry was at that age when the capture of outlaws was the most fascinating subject in the world. So it was only natural that he should expect the one man he preferred to all the wranglers on his Dad's ranch to regale him with tales of facing down desperadoes. All well and good—except that Windy Daley had never fired a gun in anger in his life.

Windy was a consistent enough shot. His aim was unerring inasmuch that he never hit the target. Long before his friendship with Larry had begun, he had abandoned the wearing of six-guns. There just wasn't any point in it for one who used them so poorly. The only thing remotely resembling shooting irons to be found in his possession these days were the wooden models of famous sheriff's guns he whittled for Larry.

The old cook did have a talent for this last as the model currently in work attested. A copy of the hogleg made famous by Wild Bill Hickok, it looked almost as real as the one that had tamed many an owlhoot. But actually it was no more dangerous than Windy himself.

Windy looked fondly at the little boy who had fallen asleep in a corner chair of the cookhouse, then sighed 'and bent back to his work. Deftly, his knife scratched a few notches in the barrel in faithful imitation of the real and famous gun. Larry would enjoy this one! It was a good thing, too, for exposure was galloping Windy's way with all the force of a stampeding Longhorn herd.

He recalled all too vividly the day his undoing had begun. He and Larry had been alone in the cookhouse and, as usual, Larry had begged for some more accounts of Windy's daring. Windy had been only too happy to oblige—and carried away with his own enthusiasm had

taken Larry with him on a flight of fancy to the day he and his old saddle sidekick, Buffalo Bill, had faced down an entire gang of bank robbers. This had been a particularly good story—and Windy didn't hear the steps of the foreman, Sage Casey, as he came in to sneak a pre-grub sandwich.

Enthralled, Sage had listened as avidly as Larry, and broke in only when Windy had paused for breath and fresh ammunition to feed Buffalo Bill.

"Never did hear of you being such a powerful hand with a hogleg afore this," drawled Sage.

Appalled, Windy turned to face the voice that hinted doom. He didn't care for himself; he was used to ridicule. But the fleeting glimpse of disillusionment that had crept into Larry's face at the obvious sarcasm chilled Windy. He couldn't let that boy find his hero was a faker. In time, when Larry was older he'd confess himself, and they'd laugh about it together. All this raced through his frenzied mind as his eyes made mute appeal to Sage for mercy. Well, he had carried it off that time. Sage had fallen in with the game, but had passed the word to the others in the bunkhouse. From then on, Windy's nights had been made hideous by being forced to recount over and over again for the amused waddies his fictitious tales of daring. Yet for Larry's sake he gladly took the abuse, happy that the boy had not been hurt.

But today there had been the stew! Ah, yes, the stew! It hadn't been such a bad stew, Windy still thought. Yet it had resulted in inflaming the always uncertain temper of Sage Casey. An angry Casey had not hesitated to employ the one weapon he could use against Windy—exposure to Larry!

There hadn't been time this morning. Larry had still been in bed, and Sage was needed on the range. But the tortured hours of the day fled all too swiftly for Windy. Soon, he and Larry would not be the only ones left on the ranch. Minutes more now and Casey and the boys would come whooping and hollering in

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to show up Windy for what he really was—an old camp cook with a big imagination and a bigger tongue.

Windy sighed and sadly carved another notch on the model of Wild Bill's famous gun.

That dust down the lane—it must be the boys now! Seemed a little early for them to be riding home, but then they were probably anxious to get on with the fun of showing him up. Might just as well get his gear packed. Say, maybe that would be an idea! He could sneak off the ranch quietly without awaiting for the guffaws of Casey and the tears of Larry. No, by gum! Windy Daley wouldn't slink off! He might be a braggart, but he sure wasn't a coyote. He had promised Larry the model of Wild Bill's gun, and by Kit Carson's beard he was going to get it. Another few minutes and it would be finished . . . but the reflection was twin to the thought that Windy Daley would be finished, too, in the eyes of a disillusioned Larry.

Say, that dust was being kicked up by only one horse. And a strange one at that. Windy couldn't recall ever having seen a cayuse that odd iodine color around these parts before. Certainly not one that had obviously been ridden so hard. Shucks, that was no way for an hombre to treat a mount. Maybe Windy was only a cook, but even he knew better than that. Knew everything except to keep his mouth shut.

He watched the rider dismount and head toward the ranchhouse yard. Sure looked like that fellow had come a far piece—and in a powerful hurry, too. There was something wrong about the way he walked. Honest waddies didn't keep darting nervous glances behind them. Then Windy got it. This was an owlshoot on the run, who had chosen the deserted ranch as a likely spot to garner the water necessary to his flight.

"Larry," Windy whispered, and his anxious tone woke the boy and brought him hustling over. "Look, son, there's a wrong hombre outside. Just keep quiet and we'll be safe enough in here. Probably doesn't figure there's anyone about. Let him fill his canteen from the well and ride on."

"But, Windy," the boy protested. "Here's your chance to show me how you *really* catch an owlshoot. Why don't you get him?"

Why didn't he get him? Windy froze at the

thought. Imagine him—a lowly' camp cook standing up to someone who was so evidently a desperado. Oh, no, not Windy. But then another idea shouldered aside his natural fear. Here was a graceful way out. Why not go out and face the outlaw? He was certain to fall before the blazing guns, but Larry would never know him for a braggart. Even Sage Casey would not expose a man who had died heroically.

Then, strangely, Windy found himself walking through the door. Walking to what he knew was certain doom, but yet his stride was purposeful as he approached the outlaw. Nothing betrayed the fear within him as he tapped the stranger's shoulder. To the last he stood bravely, looking into the beady eyes, and watching the grimy hand dart for a holster.

But then suddenly the tough let his gun fall to the ground, and raised his arms fearfully above his head. Startled, Windy looked at something he never expected to see . . . a man who was more frightened at the prospect of gun play than he was! Almost without thinking he took the rope that little Larry had thrust into his hands and tied his captive.

Sage Casey and the hands rode in on schedule, hooting in derision as they spotted the figures of Windy and Larry in the ranch house yard. But their shouts quickly turned to whistles of admiration as they also observed the other figure bound hand and foot.

IT was Sage Casey who found words first. "Jed Corey!" he exclaimed. "The fastest gunslinger in the Territory—captured by a cook!"

"You don't fool me none," Corey answered. "He's no cook. I rode against a lot of bad ones in my time, but I don't aim to tangle with any hombre who can wear a Wild Bill Hickok bogleg with seven notches."

Windy darted an excited glance at the wooden model gun that in the confusion he had thrust in his belt. Sage Casey looked, too, then laughed in understanding. Throwing an arm about the old cook' shoulders, he said, "Let's you, me and Larry go have some of that good stew. And don't forget we want to hear more stories 'of your gun fightin' days." He punctuated the sentence with a sly wink at Windy. There was no longer any danger of Larry being hurt.

THE END

Jingles and Wild Bill Hickok

In The FRECKLES CHAMP of TOMBSTONE

ACTING IN MARSHAL HICKOK'S PLACE, JINGLES HAD A NICE SOFT JOB--ONE OF THREE JUDGES AT THE COUNTY FAIR BEING HELD AT TOMBSTONE! JINGLES FELT RIGHT AT HOME SAMPLING HOME MADE CAKE, PIES, AND OTHER DELICACIES...



ACTING AS JUDGE AT THE FAIR HAD ORIGINALLY BEEN WILD BILL'S JOB BUT SOME-THING MORE IMPORTANT CAME UP...



SIX-GUN HEROES

JINGLES LICKED HIS CHOPS AND HEADED FOR THE FAIR . . .

WIPE THAT SMILE OFF, JINGLES! AFTER THE FIRST FIVE MINUTES YOU'LL HAVE INDIGESTION SAME AS WE HAD LAST YEAR!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT MY STOMACH, BOYS! I'LL DO YOUR TASTIN' FOR YOU IF YOU WANT!

HEY, JIM! THERE'S THE ONLY LAMMEN IN TOWN! HE'LL BE SO FULL HE WON'T BE ABLE TO CLIMB A HORSE!

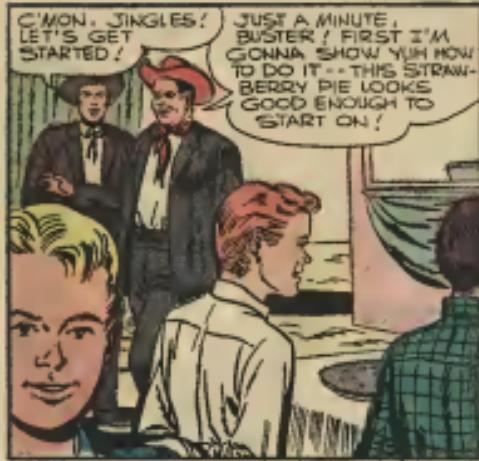
YEAH, SPIKE! ONCE WE GRAB THE DOUGH, IT'S A CINCH!



THERE WERE FIGHTS TO BE BROKEN UP. LOST CHILDREN TO FIND. AND JINGLES BEGAN TO FIND THAT THE ASSIGNMENT WASN'T SO EASY...



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THE DAY WENT ON -- FOOT-RACES, HORSE-RACES, ALL KINDS OF EVENTS! THE FAIR, RUN FOR THE POOR, WAS A FINANCIAL SUCCESS...



YES, AND GIVING ME ULCERS! I CAN STILL TASTE THOSE MUSTARD PICKLES!



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HERE WE GO ON
THE FRECKLES
CONTEST, JINGLES!
YOU TAKE
CHARGE!

DURN IT, I WANTED
TUH TRAIL A
COUPLE OF
SUSPICIOUS
CHARACTER'S
I SAW!

YOU'RE SURE SPOTTED
UP, SONNY! MUST HAVE
A THOUSAND THERE!

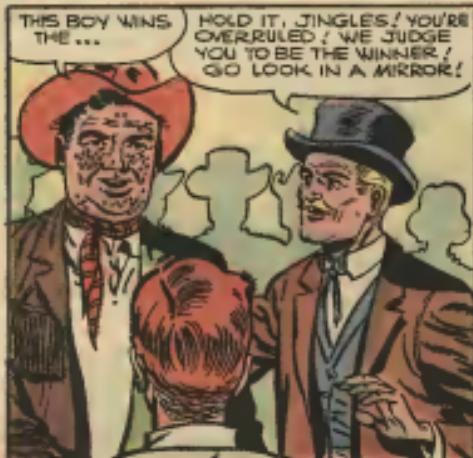
YES, SIR! I'M
GLAD YOU'RE
THE JUDGE
AND NOT IN
THE CONTEST
THOUGH!



JINGLES
FINALLY
MADE
HIS
SELECTION
AND
TURNED
TO
PRESENT
HIM
TO
THE
AUDIENCE...



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Jingles and Wild Bill Hickok

PRISONER
AT
LARGE



PICKING UP
DOC
SEARS
ON
THE
HOLD UP
CHARGE
SEEMED
SIMPLE
AT
FIRST, BUT
THEN
MARSHAL
HICKOK
BEGAN
HEARING
ABOUT
HIS
PROSPECTIVE
PRISONER...



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IT WAS ONLY A TWENTY MILE RIDE AND THEY WERE THERE THAT EVENING! BILL DECIDED TO CHECK INTO A HOTEL BEFORE TAKING CUSTODY OF SEARS...



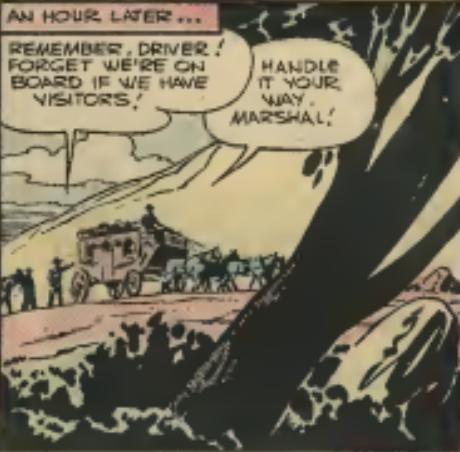
LATER THAT NIGHT...



SORRY, HICKOK, IF THAT'S WHO YOU ARE! A MAN WITH YOUR PAPERS SHOWED UP AND CLAIMED THE PRISONER!



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THIS'LL HELP TO COVER EXPENSES TILL WE GET BACK IN BUSINESS!

THAT GOLD WILL JUST BE ANOTHER CHARGE AGAINST YOU WHEN I GET YOU TO COURT. SEARS!

YOU TALK MIGHTY... OWW!

I TALK FACTS, SEARS!



I GOT THIS ONE, BILL!



LET 'IM UP, JINGLES! HE'S STARTING TO TURN BLUE!

AW, I WAS JUST GETTING COMFORTABLE!



LATER...

I SEE YOU MADE IT, BILL! HAVE ANY TROUBLE?

NONE TO SPEAK OF, OLD TIMER!



WE DIDN'T HAVE ANY -- BUT THESE FELLAS DID! GET IN THERE, YUH POLECATS!

TAKE IT EASY, JINGLES! THEY'VE GOT TO LAST ABOUT TWENTY YEARS IN THE STATE PEN BREAKIN' ROCKS!



END

SIX-GUN HEROES

Jingles AND *ATOMIC ANNIE*

She looked sweet -- but she was a bundle of dynamite when someone tried to put a saddle on her! Yet, Jingles was determined that Atomic Annie was going to be gentled...



JINGLES NEEDED
A
MULE...
AND HE
SPENT
A
LONG
TIME
LOOKING
BEFORE
HE
FOUND
ANNIE
AT
A
NEIGH-
BORING
RANCH...



SIX-GUN HEROES



THE WORD
WENT
AROUND,
JINGLES
HAD
BOUGHT
ATOMIC
ANNIE,
A
MULE
WHO
COULDN'T
BE
RIDDEN...



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YOU GUYS THINK YOU'RE SMART! I'LL SHOW YOU!

THIS IS GONNA BE FUNNY! HE WON'T LAST TEN SECONDS ON ANNIE!

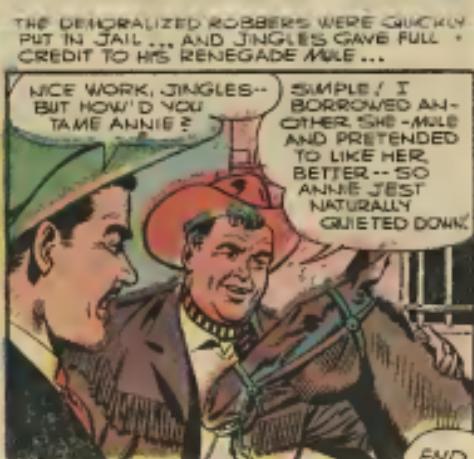
WHOA, ANNIE! REMEMBER WHAT I TOLD YOU?



STRANGELY ENOUGH, ATOMIC ANNIE QUIETED DOWN AND TOOK OFF FAST. THE BULLY ROBBERS WERE JUST GETTING AWAY ...



LOOK OUT! THAT MULE'S GONE CRAZY!



SIMPLE! I BORROWED ANOTHER SHE-MULE AND PRETENDED TO LIKE HER BETTER-- SO ANNIE JEST NATURALLY QUIETED DOWN.

END

SIX-GUN HEROES



LASH LARUE

LIGHTNING
STRIKES
AGAIN



THINK I'LL STOP BY AND SEE
MY FRIENDS, BILLY KING AND
HIS WIFE, PRUDENCE. HAVEN'T
SEEN THEM IN MORE THAN A
YEAR! NICE COUPLE!



NOW WHAT IN THUNDERATION
IS THAT? WHAT'S
GOING ON?



SIX-GUN HEROES



SIX-GUN HEROES

"WELL,
LIKE I
ALWAYS
DONE
ON
FRIDAYS,
I
STOPPED
AT
THE
BANK
AT
NOON;
THIS
TIME,
THOUGH... -



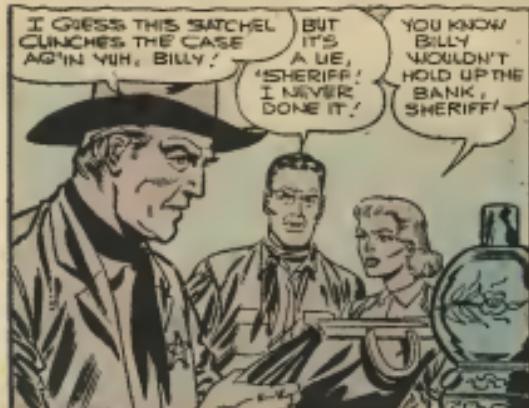
MIKE THOMPSON LEFT THIS HERE! HE'S LEFT TOWN TODAY, BUT HE'LL BE BACK HOME TOMORROW! SINCE HE LIVES NEAR YOU, MAYBE YOU'LL GIVE IT TO HIM!



IT SEEMS WHEN GRACE RANDALL, THE BOOK-KEEPER, CAME BACK FROM LUNCH, SHE FOUND DICK BOUND AND TIED UP, LAYIN' ON THE FLOOR...



WELL, I WAS GITTIN' READY TUN TAKE PRUE TO THE DOCT'S WHEN THE SHERIFF CAME...



SO, WHEN ALL WAS SAID AN DONE, I FOUND MYSELF IN COUNTY PRISON, LASH! BURNETT SHORE I DONE IT! I WAS GIVEN A TEN YEAR SENTENCE...



SIX-GUN HEROES

I WATCHED MY CHANCE / THEN I MOVED...



GET IN THE CELL!

YO'RE MAKIN' A BIG MISTAKE, MISTER!

I LEFT, TAKIN' THE PRISON KEYS WITH ME...



I WALKED THE FIFTY MILES FROM PRISON, LASH! AN' I ARRIVED JUST AFORE YOU CAME! NOW, I'M GOING AFTER DICK BURNETT!

NO, BILLY! YOU'RE GOING WITH ME -- BACK TO SHERIFF ED COLE!



LASH USED PLENTY OF PERSUASION AND...

I DUNNO, LASH! IT DON'T MAKE SENSE TUH ME ...

I PROMISE YOU, BILLY! IF YOU'RE TELLIN' THE TRUTH, YOU WON'T BE SORRY FOR WHAT YOU'RE DOING!



WHAT IN Tarnation-- RECKON YOU'RE BRINGIN' IN THIS VARMINT, LA RUE?

NO, ED! BILLY'S COMING IN BY HIMSELF!



SIX-GUN HEROES

I'M ASKING A PERSONAL FAVOR, ED! I WANT YOU TO LET BILLY PROVE HIS INNOCENCE! IF HE CAN'T DO IT, I'LL GUARANTEE TO HAVE HIM BACK IN JAIL!

LASH, THAT'S STRAININ' FRIENDSHIP MIGHTY FAR! I DUNNO...

A FEW MINUTES LATER BILLY WAS RELEASED...

HMM... THERE GOES MISS RANDALL OUT OF THE BANK! RECKON IT'S JUST NOON! RECKON BURNETT'S ALONE!



BILLY KING LOOKED BEHIND HIM TO SEE IF LASH OR THE SHERIFF WERE WATCHING HIM! THEN, NOTICING NO ONE ELSE WAS ON THE STREET, HE CROSSED TO THE BANK...



BUT YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH IT! THEY'LL GET YOU SOONER OR LATER!

PUT THE MONEY ON THE FLOOR, THEN YOU'RE GOIN' TO WRITE A NOTE!



... NOW SIGN YOUR NAME TO THAT, BURNETT!

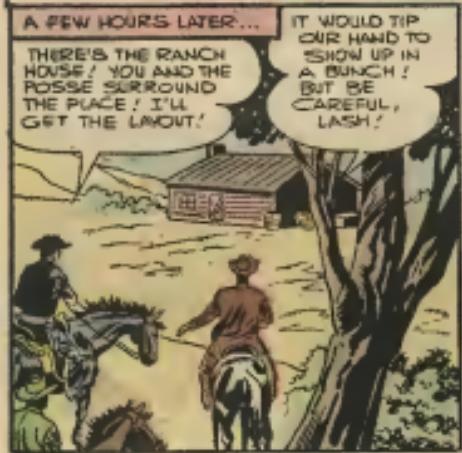
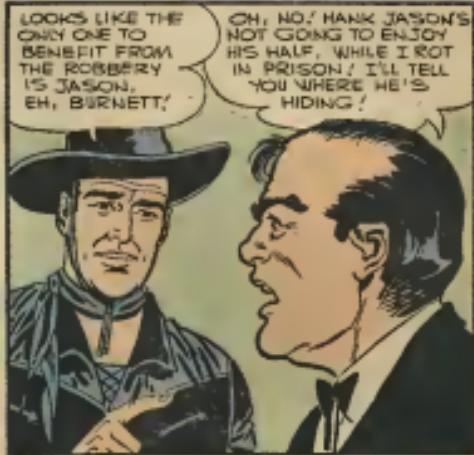
LISTEN, BILLY... PLEASE DON'T... PLEASE...



SIX-GUN HEROES



SIX-GUN HEROES



THEY MAILED THIS COUPON

... and look what I did for them!



"My arms increased 1 1/2" and my legs 1 1/2" ... O.W., W.Y.



"Gained 2" in neck; 1 1/2" in biceps. Never felt better in my life!" — J.S., Calif.



T.M. — Atlas Cup Winner. "The pride of the way you made me an Atlas Champion."



A.H. — Kara — Atlas Cup Winner.



"I surprise my friends by out-lifting them." — D.P., Ind.



"When I started your course I weighed only 145. Now weigh 175" — T.E., New York



"Here's my photo showing just how I look today. I owe it all to you." — W.D., New York.



"Have put 1 1/2" on chest (sternum) expanded" — F.S., N.Y.



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sape in double-quick time! I can
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your back; add inches to your chest,
give you a vice-like grip, make those
legs of yours powerful, shoot new
strength into your backbones, ex-
ercise those inner organs, earn your
body full of vigor and red-blooded
vitality!

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TABLE TENNIS SET

GAS MOTOR
FOR YOUR
BICYCLEROLLER
SKATESROLLER
SKATESMOVIE CAMERA
PROJECTOR
SCREENJET PLANE
WITH PRO
ENGINEWALKING
DOLLMOVIE CAMERA
PROJECTOR
SCREENWOODBURNING
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